

Sainthood.

BY REV. EDWARD N. POMEROY.

Not in the brow demure,
Not in the downcast eye,
But in the purpose pure:
Lies sainthood's prophecy.

To gain the holy grail
And heaven's approving smile,
Did mighty Lancelot fail,
Because of purpose vile.

By faith unlogged with doubt,
By fasting and by prayer,
The demons are cast out,
Though hell itself be there.

The victory over sin
Hath never yet been given
To those who strove to win
For only self and heaven.

Self-seeking must depart
Ere others' homage come;
The sovereigns of the heart
Are crowned by martyrdom.

Think not thy sainthood now
Mankind will recognize;
They who are crowned below
Were first crowned in the skies.

At this the fern was greatly troubled.
Could it be true that she would not always
stand by the great stone and the quiet
pool, and enjoy her happy life? The brook
ran on laughing and singing:

Coming, going, hast'ning, slowing,
Mirth and music ever knowing,
Laughing, singing, ever whirling,
'Mong the rocks my wavelets curling,
Autumn days will find me flowing
Where now flowers and ferns are growing.

The song of the brook made the fern unhappy. She longed to live on with no thought of leaving this beautiful world. She looked at her reflection in the quiet pool, wondering if that might not remain. But she felt sure the fickle brook would care little to preserve it, and she turned to the stone where her shadow fell in perfect and delicate tracery. Perhaps she might discover some way by which that would remain. So she asked the sun for help; but he seemed to be on a journey like the brook, and though he smiled kindly on her, he was often gone away, and then her little shadow was lost in the great darkness that was over everything. The fern then asked the wind, but the wind only sighed so that the fern trembled violently and the shadow was blurred. Then she asked a cloud that was sailing across the sky, and as the cloud paused to listen, other clouds came to her side, and they wept in sympathy with the fern. Their tears refreshed her, but she saw with sadness that they, too, cast a shadow, and that hers was lost in theirs.

The bright summer days passed on. The violets had gone long since. The lily was now beginning to droop, and the fern noticed that some of her own beautiful fronds were growing brown and sear. There were more cloudy days now than in the summer. Sometimes the rain fell all day long. The more it rained, the noisier and gayer grew the brook. He seemed to deepen and widen, too, as it rained, and the fern began to understand what he meant when he sang:

Autumn days will find me flowing
Where now ferns and flowers are growing.

Finally the autumn really came, and everything slowly changed. New flowers bloomed in such gay and bright profusion of colour that the bank of the stream looked like an artist's palette; but the wind sighed loudly, and complained to the fern that they gave her no perfume, and that she loved far better the arbutus, the violets, and all the sweet-scented darlings of the springtime.

One day a child straying by the brook wandered along its bank in happy play. The brook sang sweetly to the child:

Follow, follow, follow after,
Happy song and merry laughter,
Children's hearts are true and sweet,
Heaven and earth in childhood meet.
Follow, follow, follow after,
Happy song and merry laughter.

So the child and the brook ran on together, laughing and singing, till the child paused to rest. Seeing the large, flat stone where the fern grew, he sat down and looked around in delight on the many bright flowers: "I will gather a great bouquet and carry it to sister." And he smiled brightly at the thought, but the tears came as he added softly: "It will be a long time before she will be strong enough to come out by the brook and gather flowers herself. The winter will soon come with snow, and then all these beautiful flowers will be gone." So he gathered them into a great bouquet, and tying them with some long grasses that grew in the water, he laid them on the stone, and then stooped down by the fern. "And I must gather you, too, beautiful fern, for my sister will say that you are even more lovely than the flowers." The fern trembled. She had long been silent, but now she confided her wish to the heart of the child, even that she might leave some impress of herself in the world. He looked at the beautiful shadow on the stone and then ran down to the brook. The fern thought sadly that he could do nothing to help her, but all the while he was looking among the pebbles of the brook till he found a small, red keil. With this he carefully traced the shadow

on the smooth stone. "This drawing will last for a time," he said to the fern, "but the snows of winter and the spring rains will finally wash it away. But I will carry you to my sister, and she may tell you how your wish may be satisfied."

So the fern was quite content to be carried in the hands of the happy child. As he hastened away, the brook sang a parting song:

Run, dear child, with dancing feet,
Carry fern and flowers sweet.
Take thy gift to one who lies
Watching thee with loving eyes
From her couch of lingering pain,
Longing to be free again.
Follow, follow, follow after,
Happy song and merry laughter.

It was a new experience to the fern to stand in a vase by the side of the little girl, who never tired of looking at its delicate fronds and who never forgot to have fresh water put in the vase every morning. The brook flowed by the cottage, and from it the child brought water each morning for his sister's fern.

One morning, as the little girl slept, the fern whispered to the water in the vase: "You have left the happy brook to refresh me and I am grateful, but you are quiet and sad. Is it because you miss the wild, free life of the brook?"

"I am not sad," said the water. "I will return to the brook. The kind sun will send down a sunbeam, and it will carry me up to the clouds. Then the wind will blow us together, and we will come down in a shower. The brook and the flowers will drink the rain, so some time I will again go laughing and singing over the pebbles." This was a new thought to the fern.

The little girl stirred in her sleep, and the fern whispered to herself: "She grows stronger every day, while I am fading. Soon she will run and play with her brother by the brook, and I will be quite forgotten."

But in her sleep the little girl heard the whispered regret of the fern, and thought of it all that day. So the next morning she said to her brother: "Give me the fern." He placed it in her hand. Holding it very gently, she said: "The fern has indeed faded and is now quite wilted, but I will never forget its beauty. I will never forget that it has made so many lonely days brighter and happier."

Then the fern knew that to leave one's image on another's heart is better to leave it in stone; that to gladden another's life, and so be remembered, is truly to live on. Through the open window came the song of the brook:

Follow, follow, follow after,
Happy song and merry laughter,
Children's hearts have summer weather;
Flower and fern will grow together;
Frost has there no power to enter,
Heart of children knows no winter.
Follow, follow, follow after,
Happy song and merry laughter.

—Zion's Herald.

THE CAGED EAGLE.

A MAN had a young eagle. He had caught it when it was young, alive and unwounded, and had kept it and fed it and brought it up and tamed it as far as it could be tamed. He had kept it shut in and domesticated. But he was going to emigrate to the other side of the world, and he thought where he would bestow his eagle. There was no use in taking it away. And then he thought, well, I will bestow it upon no one. I will give the eagle its freedom; and he opened the hen-house where he kept the eagle—oh, there is a kind of sermon in it; there are a lot of eagles living in hen-houses—he opened it and he took the bird up and set it in his back garden, and to his great disappointment, it did not fly. It went about, very likely enjoying the wee bit bigger walk than it had, but it did not fly, so he actually lifted it, and put it upon the garden wall, and it looked down and he began to be a little sad and sorry, and wished that he could have talked to the bird, and told it what the poet said about it, and how it is the symbol of freedom and power to soar into the very eye of the sun. But suddenly, he said, a cloud that had been

there passed away, and a burst of warm, bright light came out, and the eagle looked up. Could it remember the days of its youth? It gathered itself together, and lifted up one wing, and stretched it out, and it lifted up the other, and then with a scream away it went, and it was soon a mere mote far away in the blue heavens. This is what faith does to the soul that gets quick touch with God. All the chains are broken. The prison door is opened, and every one's bands are loosed. "They that wait on the Lord mount up with wings as eagles."

SINGING SAND.

THERE are a few beaches in the world on which are found "singing sands;" so called because of a prolonged musical sound heard when walking through the sand or stirring it with a stick. One of the best known beaches where the phenomenon occurs is at Manchester, about twenty-five miles from Boston. Another place is on one of the Hebrides Islands. Some of the sands were sent to an American scientist last year for examination. One portion was sealed in bottles, and another sent in bags. The latter lost their peculiar properties, but the former sang sweetly on being stirred. No satisfactory cause for the curious sound has yet been discovered. One peculiarity of these musical beaches is that they occur in comparatively small patches, and the sound is not always of uniform loudness. It is said that along the shore of the Caribbean Sea there is a place where a disturbance of the sands makes a noise like the barking of a dog.



Epworth League.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

November 3, 1895.

PURE THOUGHTS AND DEEDS.—Exodus 20. 14.

Crimes and all manner of wickedness have their origin in the heart, out of which "proceed evil thoughts," etc. (Matt. 15. 19.) The prayer, "Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit," is a suitable prayer to offer at all times. Every means should be adopted to avoid impure thoughts. Obscene pictures should never be looked upon. Persons who attend theatres are sure to see many objects which are of an immoral tendency, hence those who wish to preserve purity of heart should never attend such places. Books and periodicals which tend to impure thoughts should never be read. Book-stands often contain books of this class which do immense harm to young people. Immodest actions and indecent conversation should never be indulged in, for the tendency of both is only evil. In some instances the fashions of dress are productive of evil. John B. Gough testifies that the wicked scenes which he beheld in the earlier part of his life often came into his mind in the after years and were the cause of much misery to him. We have need to pray with the Psalmist, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity." (Psalm 119. 37.) No matter how much we may be tempted with evil thoughts, we do not commit any sin until we yield to them. The best of persons are tempted as Christ was, but yield not temptation, for yielding is sin.

WHILE John Vassar was a liquor seller, nobody thought he was a fanatic in pressing his business, but when he became a Christian, and his one thought was to win men to Christ, they pronounced him a fool. The politician who talks nothing but politics, the lawyer whose mind is absorbed by law, the merchant who thinks of little besides merchandise, is commended by the world, but let a Christian have only one thought, and that for Christ, and make that prominent, he is put down as a fanatic. May God fill our churches with just such fanatical men, men who are not ashamed to carry their hope and the promise on which it is based into any circle, and contend for the faith once for all delivered to the saints, among any company!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 26, 1895.

THE FABLE OF THE FERN.

BY MRS. FAY M. NEWLAND.

A FERN grew by a little brook. Close to the fern lay a smooth, large stone. Not far away stood a stately tree, and thick among the grass grew violets, daisies, and sweet, woody things; while over all arched the blue summer sky. It was a happy life the fern lived, for she loved the brook, the stately tree, and all her happy neighbours. The brook was always full of talk and laughter and music, but close to where the fern grew was a deep, quiet pool where she could always see a perfect reflection of herself. A tall, white lily grew in the pool and was her dearest friend. They often whispered together.

"What a strange creature is this brook!" said the fern one day, nodding her head wisely to the lily. "He is always running away and always coming again. Such a giddy gossip as he is, too, always talking and laughing and never serious for a moment."

Just then the wind stirred the quiet pool where the lily grew and woke up some little waves, and they ran out into the very middle of the stream and told what the fern had said. On this the brook laughed louder than ever, while he sang over the pebbles:

Flowing, flowing, flowing ever,
Coming, going, staying never!
You will go, but ne'er return,
Happy, careless, fleeting fern.
You will go, but come back never;
I will come and go forever.